

# The Blood of Power

## Dying Fetus

Die, don't revive, won't succumb  
Conduit of anger, tools of the trade  
Essential supply of patrol compulsory  
Instruments of wrath, in need of the lifeblood  
Never ending skirmish for resource control  
When entry contested, instigate combat  
Financial enticement right to access  
No alternative 'til it's gone  
Proxy battlefield, resupplied  
With the means to strike down abruptly  
All attrition comes from above  
Inflexible directives bound to  
With the foothold, still in the game  
Posturing rivals, one in the same  
Necessary actions breed hostility  
Postponement of eventual crusade  
Indigenous inhabitants  
Striving to create their tranquility  
Forcing the masses to devote submission  
Time is running short for that vision  
Accelerated endeavor  
Seeing the light at the end of the tunnel  
When there's nothing left but sand  
The privileged squandering wealth  
Wasted on obsolete armaments  
Window of prosperity  
Closing as the years go by  
Wanting to save face  
Of ancient grievances  
Refusing to move forward  
Utilizing nothing  
Depletion of reservoirs ratcheting up methodology  
Claiming intent of purpose to aid and support  
The blood of power  
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When exhaustion limit nears proxy war meets conclusion  
Full fledged world campaign, every nation's declaration  
Supremacy through allies, choosing sides, which one lies?  
Claims to those assets for warranted capital, seize  
Everything on the table of possibilities  
No surrender without prize vital dependency  
The new reserves, the ocean floor front line  
The future uncertain, submerged technology  
Progressing forth, into the unknown

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